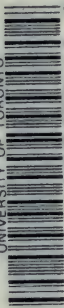


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Songs by the Way

Margaret Blaikie

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Songs by the Way

Made and printed in Great Britain for Arthur H. Stockwell,
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Songs by the Way

ENLARGED EDITION

By
MARGARET BLAIKIE



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BY THE SAME AUTHOR

LITTLE TALES OF LONG AGO

GAY AND BIRD. 1902

BLACK FAIRIES

GRANT RICHARDS. 1903

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I HAVE to thank the Editors of *Chambers's Journal*, *Harper's Bazar*, *Life and Work*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the *Windsor Magazine*, for their courtesy in permitting me to include eight of the following pieces, originally published by them.

To
Jean Lang

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In My Studio

Idle, they enter for a little space
 And, careless, look around, give praise or
 blame

As falls their fancy ; for this canvas claim
 Some merit, and for that, some touch of grace.
 And while with empty words they heedless
 pace

About me, all my soul is wrapped in shame
 Recalling how, with ardent heart aflame,
 I, faltering, strove one perfect form to trace.
 No voice speaks here to them of the long
 weariness—

The bitter sense of failure—the despair—
 The hopeless longing once to picture fair
 The image that the mind would fain express :
 To their unseeing eye no sign appears
 Of radiant vision, lost in blinding tears.

The Rider

Dull and dreary was my road,
Dull and gray my sky.
Oh ! I was weary as I trod,
Till Love came riding by.

Love went flashing by in haste,
But, ere he passed from view,
He flung me, where I lonely paced,
His gift of *you*.

Unvalued Love

You held your love so small a thing
You did not know
I would have given all I had
To keep it so.

I would have bartered joy and peace
(You never knew.)
For just one radiant look—one word
Of love from you.

The Ambassador

Silence must speak for me. In vain I strove
For words to tell my lady all my love,
All the strong love that in my heart is pent.
Let my ambassador impart, more eloquent
Wordless, than I, the love I bear to thee.
Let Silence speak, dear heart, and plead for me

The Chaplet

My Love did come. At the first whispering
Of his dear voice, I opened wide the door
Of my heart's treasury, and him did bring
Into its secret place, to view my store.
Abashed I now did see how small a thing
Each jewel was that seemed so rich before.
But when I drew him back, not venturing
To show the place, so bare it was and poor,
My Love put forth his hand (amid my fears)
And drew a chaplet thence of crystal tears.

My Love did call me to her treasury.
With bold and careless step I entered there
Not deeming, from her sweet humility,
That any place could be so wondrous fair.
But when richness and the quality
Of glowing gem I saw, and jewel rare,
I felt the meagreness and poverty
Of my poor life, so empty, cold, and bare,
Till, with a chaplet of her purest tears,
I decked me, rich against the coming years.

Love And Age

Now who is this, oh who is this ?
Look in his eyes and see.

He clad himself in sober grey
And folded up his radiant wings ;
He hid his cruel bow away
And bent his mind to homely things.

He filled the pitcher at the spout
And put the kettle on to heat ;
He took the market basket out
And gently checked his dancing feet.

He poured the wine, and cut the bread
And cleared the board when all was done ;
With careful hand the couch he spread
For weary limbs at setting sun.

Now who is this, oh who is this ?
Look in his eyes and see.

The Awakening

“ Ephphatha, be thou opened !” So Love spoke.
And lo ! the lips, once mute, were tuned to praise,
The ears, once dull and heavy, in amaze
Heard the low whisper that upon them broke :
Hearts, bitter-hard and cold were set afire,
And eyes, long dim, were opened to the light,
And halting footsteps quickened with delight
As Love breathed into Life his pure desire.
And lo ! (even as of old) Love speaks to me
In holy accents, bidding my soul arise ;
His holy touch is laid even upon me,
And lips and ears are opened, and dull eyes,
And all my soul, responding to Love’s voice,
Wakens to life, love, praise, at his :—“ Rejoice !”

Joy Beyond Joy

Let my heart speak, beloved, to thy heart,
My heart that aches with longing love to share
Thy sadness, and, or ever thou be ware,
Pluck out the thorn, and heal the bitter smart.
See how the tears, unbidden, rise and start
Betraying my heart's secret, so that there
Thy heart may read how my heart's love would
dare

With its own gladness for thy sake to part.
If all my gladness, poured out at thy feet,
Could ease thy burden, gladly would I lay
Each joy aside, and tread the dolorous way,
Counting it joy, if but for thee, my sweet,
The burden might not press so heavily,
Nor with dull, numbing pain thy dear heart beat.

For One In Darkness

I

With grief his head was bowèd low,

His heart, that heart so dear to me.

“ Give him Thy light, O God,” I cried,
(I love him so : I love him so.)

“ Give him Thy light, whate’er betide,
Let all the shadow fall on me :
And if my spirit faileth so,
Then let me die. (Lord, Thou hast died.”)
It may not be.

II

“ Since sorrow is our lot below

I bow my head to Thy decree.

In darkness, then, let me abide,
(I love him so : I love him so.)

I will not fail although the tide
In whelming flood pass over me :
Let me but share his cross of woe.
(They pierced Thy feet and hands and
side.”)
It may not be.

III

“ Through the dread darkness must he go
Alone? Ah God, the agony
To see a soul made white and tried,
(I love him so : I love him so.)
To see a spirit purified
By Thy pure fires !—I ask of Thee
But this one gift—a heart to know
Thy love—to trust Thy mercy wide
For him—for me.”

Wings

My heart has wings, my thoughts have wings
Dearest and loveliest,
And they would whisper comfortings
To your dear heart distress.

My faltering words, alack, do plod
As if with weighted feet
Reluctantly each step were trod
That hastened to my sweet.

Impatiently my spirit rues
Their halting gait and sings :—
“Take off your shoes, take off your shoes,
And fasten on your wings.”

Tears In My Heart

Tears in your heart ! Alas I knew
Their weight that overwhelmed you :
But since so valiantly you strove
To veil them from all eyes, then love
Must fain seem blinded, unaware
Of that mute torrent falling there.
Tears in my heart ! *Your* tears !

My Heart Can See

I cannot see the light of day,
But all day long my heart can see,
And all day long my heart can pray
For one dear heart, most dear to me.

You do not need to pity me
Although my light be dark alway,
For all day long, where'er I be,
All day long my heart is free
To love you, dear, for whom I pray.

The Unbidden Guest

I

There was laughter in my father's hall,
Mirth in my mother's bower,
When One crept silently up by the wall
In the dim, dull, twilight hour.

II

How did he pass the faithful guard
Who watch both long and late?
Did he steal through the window strongly
barred,
Or slipped he in by the gate?

III

What is the name of this fearful guest,
Sorrow or Shame or Sin?
I cannot tell, but I know no rest
Since his dread form came in.

The Wound

I was angry with my friend,
From my quiver drew a dart ;
(You would have said mine enemy !)
Lo, it pierced my heart.

My heart's blood it was that flowed
Stricken to the ground
I was angry with my friend,
And he healed my wound.

Too Late

Three days I passed her door ;
Then, my anger fled,
I fain would see my Love again.
Ah ! My Love was dead !

II

Three days she wept alone ;
(I wept apart.)
Three bitter days she grieved for me,
My heart ! my heart !

III

Some weep for weariness
And some for sorrow.
One, with no tears to shed,
Waits, lonely, for the morrow.

Lonely

I

The night is cold,
The night is cold,
And I am lonely and full of fear.
Come, as you came to me of old,
My dear.

II

Is your sleep so deep,
So calm and deep,
That, though I call you, you cannot hear ?
Were I dead, I think I should hear you
weep,
My dear.

III

I think I should know
If you called me so,
And roam through space till you felt me
near.
Could I fail to come if you called me so,
My dear ?

The Apparition

You came when all was dark and dead
And, for a little while,
I saw you stand beside my bed,
I saw you smile.

I know not whence you visited
These realms a little while,
But, once, before you vanished,
I saw you smile.

The Wee Road

There's bonny roads in Inglan that fine I
like tae tread,

An' bonny roads across the sea, as mony a man
has said ;

But tak' the roads in a' the lans, there's nane
as can compeer

Wi' the little, crooked, wee road that leads
back to ma dear.

There's mony a time I've trampit it wi' blithe,
unwearied feet ;

There's mony a time I've trampit it when nane
could hear me greet,

An' clambered up the crooked brae, an' held ma
breith for fear

That I should die before the bend that leadit
to ma dear.

But now that you are coffin'd lass a' roads are
ane tae me,

Weel-keepit roads o' Inglan, wild roads
beyond the sea ;

For come the dark on a' roads (an' every night
the same)

Ma hert rins up the wee road that leads a body
hame.

The Retreat

I

Far, far away, where none but I may go,
In a lone place, there is a hidden pool.
And none may mark the slow, salt tears that flow
Beside its marge, though there be tears enow.
God have mercy on a fool.

II

I carry far my griefs, far, far away
Where none may follow. There I lay bare
my dule.
I sigh for sorrow ; yea, the live-long day
I beat my breast for sorrow, weep and pray.
God have mercy on a fool.

III

Too soon, too soon, the night draws on apace.
I rise, I lave me in the waters cool,
And I must turn from my loved, lonely place,
With laughter and with jest my steps retrace.
God have pity on a fool !

“ Et In Arcadia ”

I, too, have been in Arcady !

I know its groves, its fragrant bowers
Where I have lingered day by day,
And I have plucked its flowers.

“ Better the bright, unfading blooms of
Paradise,” you say ?

My flowers are sweet—my faded flowers of
Arcady.

I, too, have been in Arcady,

I, (even I) in long-past years,
Though now in weariness my way
I tread alone in tears.

“ Yea, kneel upon your knees and bow your
head and fast and pray.”

Nay, I praise God that I—even I—have been in
Arcady !

Two Ways Of Love

I would deck my lady in silken tissues rare,
 Softest, broidered shoes I'd lace upon her tender
 feet,
 And in a cloistered pleasaunce, flower bestrewn
 and fair,
 Soft my little love should walk amid the spices
 sweet.

.

O Love, Love, Love, how can you love my lady?
 You thrust her out into the blast a fearful path
 to tread.
 Love, Love, Love, how can you love my lady?
 Thorns to tear her sacking-cloth . . . stones
 her feet have bled.

Love you love my lady, love my gentle lady.
 Radiant robe of snowy white—jewels on her
 breast—
 Starry eyes alight with love ! Love, you love
 my lady.
 O Love, Love, Love, my little love is blest.

The Lost Lamb

All through the night, while others sleep,
Through the long, weary night I weep
 A little lamb who went astray,
 A little lamb who lost her way,
Who wandered from her mother's keep.

From dawn to dark, all through the day,
For one lost, lonely lamb I pray,
 A little lamb in sorest plight
 Who wandered out into the night
A little lamb who lost her way.

From A Far Country

I

If I were in my father's house,
Far from this arid, alien place,
If I were in my father's house,
If I could look upon his face,

II

If I were in my father's house,
What need my bitter shame to tell?
If I were in my father's house
Should he not know, who loves me well?

III

If I were in my father's house,
I, with no words my love to say,
If I were in my father's house
To-day——!

Unsatisfied

I

I am an hungered and athirst
 For what I know not. Give me a crust
 Of the True Bread that life sustains,
 A life-drop from Thy veins.

II

I would go forward, yet alack !
 My foolish steps turn back,
 Back from the goal of my desire
 To the mire.

III

Oh Holiness for which I pray
 Come to-day—to-day !
 Holiness to Whom I pray
 Turn not Thou away :
 Quench my thirst, my hunger, as before,
 Till, unsatisfied, I hunger and I thirst for
 more.

“ Esurientes Implevit Bonis ”

You had such riches,
You had such riches,
And you have given all away
And now you are poor.

Had you not rather be
Needy, impoverished,
Hungry, a suppliant,
(Having given all away,
Having nothing left to give,)
Than opulent, and satisfied,
And full —— and sent away ?

My Sheep Hear My Voice

I

Wherefore hast Thou withdrawn Thee from my
sight

O Shepherd? Yesterday in glad delight

I walked serene, rejoicing in the light.

O Shepherd, Shepherd, Shepherd, seek Thy
sheep !

II

But yesterday my soul was all aflame

If but the faintest whisper of Thy name

Ineffable to my rapt spirit came.

O Shepherd, Shepherd, Shepherd, seek Thy
sheep !

III

The waters that refreshed me yesterday,

The sweet green fields that cheered me on my
way

Afford no comfort to my soul to-day.

O Shepherd, Shepherd, Shepherd seek Thy
sheep !

IV

Around me the fair world is bathed in light,
All nature breathes to God her calm delight,
And I, alone, stumble in blackest night.

O Shepherd, Shepherd, Shepherd, seek Thy
sheep !

V

Why dost Thou leave me on the mountain side
When all my soul cries out for Thee to guide,
Desiring nought in earth or heaven beside ?

O Shepherd, Shepherd, Shepherd, seek Thy
sheep !

VI

Why dost Thou leave me thus ? If Thou art
near,

Succour me speedily. Each step I fear.

Oh let Thy voice fall on my straining ear.

O Shepherd, Shepherd, Shepherd, seek Thy
sheep !

VII

Thy voice—? Nay, but across the lonely track
A faint cry from a soul in bitter lack.

Is it Thy voice ?—Shepherd, I turn me back
And hasten, joyful, to seek out Thy sheep.

Not By Bread Alone

I

Smooth and green are the pastures,
Rich is the meadow, and fair—
But oh ! my Shepherd, my Shepherd,
Thou art not there.

II

Art Thou, then, in the desert
Where there are stones—not bread ?
Is it there—not here—that with manna
Thy flock is fed ?

III

There that, famishing, fainting,
Perishing for Thy Word
The sheep shall meet with their Shepherd,
And not on the pleasant sward ?

At The Gate

I

All the way there were roses, roses, roses,
But He looked to left, and She looked to right,
And they scorned to pluck the blossoms bright
Of the crimson, glowing, roses.

II

A little child walked between the two
Close to the ground where the roses grew
And he filled his hands with roses.

III

They walked all day till the evening late
And they came at last to the crimson gate
Whose Angel is crowned with roses.

IV

Said the Angel :—" They only can enter in
Whose brows, though darkened and stained with
sin,
Are garlanded with earth's roses."

V

“ I have none,” She wept, and “ None,” He said,
“ We may not enter, ungarlanded,
The land of Love and Roses.”

VI

The little one spoke :—“ Here are flowers for
two.
Open, dear Angel, and let them through,
Here are garlands for two, of my roses.”

VII

The Angel opened the great door wide.
“ Enter, O loved ones, side by side,
Crowned with celestial roses.”

Flight

A tender bird, a lovely bird, has flown from out
the nest,

His little pinions trying, trying, trying.

But since thy flight, O loveliest, from the shelter
of my breast,

Thy mother's heart hath mourned thee,
sighing, sighing.

The Little Ghost *

Who cometh, who cometh, so light, so light,
Straight to my heart at the dead of night?
O little dear ghost, you know the way
To the heart that has ached for you—longed
all day.

Out from the shadows you creep, you creep,
Straight into my heart with a sudden leap.
And all night long while I take my rest
My little dear ghost lies close to my breast,
All night long—but when dawns the day,
Ah me ! my little ghost flits away.

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So Far

O Love, gone from my world so far away
Since yesterday !

All other griefs but this grief thou didst share,
Didst with me bear,

But now this greatest grief—that thou art
gone—
I bear alone.

So far, dear Love, so far thou art away
Since yesterday.

The Combat

I, too, have passed through that self-same place
Where you and the Dragon are face to face.

I neither vanquished nor slew him quite,
But he fled away with the morning light.

Alas ! so deadly the mortal fray,
You cannot hearken the words I say.

And I, who remember the combat sore,
Weep. I have passed that way before.

Such As I Have

I

My soul is drawn out to the hungry soul,
But what have I to give, of wine or bread,
Who hunger, thirst, myself, and scarce am fed,
So small my portion, and so scant my dole?

II

Is it enough that I should hold my cup
To starving lips, and, with a touch divine,
Wilt Thou transmute its water into wine,
To heavenly food the crumbs I offer up?

III

Oh Thou, compassionate, Who on the rood
Thyself, our mystic Bread and Wine didst
spend,
I and my brother low before Thee bend.
Fill Thou his soul—my hungry soul—with good.

Acceptance

O body of man, broken for me in the trenches,
O blood of mankind, poured to the earth for me !
Lowly . . . kneeling . . . I hold my hand to thine
altar,

Take thy royal gift . . . from the air . . . from the
sea

Take *Thyself*, Son of Man, Love's gift undying,
Though thou hast died in a Holy Land for me—
Flanders, Mesopotamia, Sinai, Gallipoli.

The Little King

There was a King in Bethlehem
So very little and so small
It scarcely would have seemed to you
He was a King at all.

It scarcely would have seemed to you
Such tiny brow could bear a crown,
Such little hands, such little feet
Reign all the ages down ;

Such heart reign all the ages down—
It was so great, it was so small,
It scarcely would have seemed to you
He was a King at all.

The Beggar-man

I

“ Christ the Lord is at the gate ! ”

So they told me on Christmas morn.

I rose in haste from my couch of state,

And lo ! a beggar-man all forlorn !

II

I drew him in from the cold and sleet

To the banquet hall where the board was
spread.

I broke him my vessel of spices sweet,

And I gave him wine, and I gave him bread.

III

I fetched him a mantle to wrap him round,

And a staff his faltering steps to guide.

He smote me thrice with a deadly wound

On hands and feet and side.

IV

He left me wounded and stricken sore,

But the beggar-man spake me never a word.

Now tell me if he who crossed my door

That Christmas morning, was Christ the Lord?

Surrender

I

Oh who are these with pale and stricken faces
That throng about the portals of my heart ?
I have no help to give—no fair wide spaces,
Narrow and cold my heart : therefore depart.

II

My ears are closed against your plea unspoken,
I will not turn mine eyes upon your pain.
Go from me—take your lives all marred and
broken
Far from my hardened heart—turn you again.

III

What ! Still you press about me, silent standing,
Mournful—insistent—will not be denied ?
Look then, I open wide to your demanding
The chambers dim where heart and soul reside.

IV

You still would enter ? all undaunted thronging
These narrow precincts ? do not straight
depart ?
Oh, sorrowful, and stricken with earth's wrong-
ing,
Enter and pardon. God enlarge my heart !

Brothers

I

Cain my brother, my elder brother,

Hearken, I cry to thee.

Pardon me for thy fault, O brother,

Pardon me.

Mine was the sin,—now mine the pain,
Brother Cain.

II

I cried to the Just to avenge my death.

The Just accuseth me.

Mine was the guilt of the dreadful death,
(Hearken to me.)

Mine the sin of that crimson stain,
Brother Cain.

III

Oft in the field, at the fold, my brother,

I angered thee,

Taunted thee in my pride, O brother,
(Pardon me.)

Pardon the sin of my disdain,
Brother Cain.

IV

Mine was the guilt, all mine, my brother,
(Hearken to me.)

My heart cries to thy heart, loved brother,
Pardon me.

Pardon him whom his pride hath slain,
Brother Cain.

It Shall Be Opened

I stand outside the closed lock
I stand without and knock and knock.

.

But once the door has opened wide
And all amazed I step inside

Ah then my very soul shall sing
With wonder at this joyous thing

For every one whom now I see
Is as my best-beloved to me

And nought I grudge to ease his woe
Whom yesterday I deemed my foe

While Love is shown the golden key
That hath unclosed this mystery

And all the ambient air is tense
And vibrant with Love's immanence

Till that dull path which late I trod
Now shines a golden track to God.

.

All this when, once the threshold passed,
I stand beyond the door at last.

And so, without the closed lock
Waiting I stand and knock and knock.

Pilgrim Song

I

“ O happy souls, O radiant souls, what songs are
ye out-pouring ?
What passionate, pure prayers are these from
earth to heaven soaring ?
What mystic gifts of love and grace are these
your words imploring
From God, for your neighbour and your enemy?”

II

Our souls are all afire with love—with love our
hearts are glowing,
The mystic peace that Jesus gives our joyous
strains are showing ;
For lo ! our love can not be hid—our brimming
love out-flowing
To God, and our neighbour and our enemy.

III

“ But what of those who sought your harm—
 who joyed at your mistaking,
What place have they in this your chant—in
 these your prayers, partaking ?
Are your pure souls—your tender hearts—with
 love and longing breaking
For God, and your neighbour and your enemy ? ”

IV

Our souls are filled with heavenly peace—our
 hearts with love untiring,
And Jesus with His radiant love our feeble love
 is firing,
Till nought we crave but love for all, in this our
 joyous choiring
From God, for our neighbour and our enemy.

The Bitterness Of Death Is Past

I

I thought the road would be hard and bare,
But lo ! flowers,
Springing flowers,
Bright flowers blossoming everywhere !

II

The night, I feared, would be dark and drear.
But lo ! stars,
Golden stars,
Glorious, glowing stars are here !

III

And my shrinking heart, set free from dread,
Sees Love
(Lo ! it is Love !)
God's Love crowning with Death my head !

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